

OWNS KNOWLEDGE OF SECRET ORDER

LEE PLANTER MEMBER OF FARMERS' SOCIETY.

William A. Stuckey Declines to Say Whether of Not the Organization is Political.

The State, 5th.

William A. Stuckey, a prominent farmer of Lee county, who lives in Bishopville, was in the city yesterday. "What is this about a new society of farmers said to be organized in the State and to have a membership in your county?" a reporter of the State asked Mr. Stuckey.

"There is such a society," he replied. "I am a member of it."

"What is the nature of it?"

"That I can't tell you," said Mr. Stuckey, smiling; "the society is secret. I can't discuss its purposes. I can only say that if its purposes are carried out, Lee will be the most prosperous county in South Carolina."

Mr. Stuckey declined to say whether or not the organization was political, or to commit himself further than as quoted.

"At any rate," the reporter said, "you give me this much of a story—that you are a member disposes of the rumor that it is a society composed exclusively of tenant farmers." Mr. Stuckey is a landholder.

When the reporter inquired if he could join the order, Mr. Stuckey said that it was confined to farmers.

John L. McLaurin, State cotton warehouse commissioner, was asked last night if he were a member of the new organization of farmers to which Gov. Manning referred to in his speech at Leesville Monday.

"I am not a member of the organization," said Mr. McLaurin, "and I have been told that I am not eligible for membership."

Mr. McLaurin said that he had heard of the farmers' organization only in Lee and Kershaw counties and knew nothing about it.

It was learned last night, but not from Mr. McLaurin, that the farmers' secret organization would have a convention soon at some place not yet selected.

The Movies Move On.

Augusta Chronicle.
Two new developments in movie fashions are to be noted. The all-night movie shows seem to be here to stay. They have been a success in Chicago and are now invading New York. They call them the "Ten-cent Pullmans," because a man may spend the night in one for a dime, being entertained the while. Night-workers who want a bit of recreation before they sleep find them a boon, as do railroad crews who come in after midnight and go out in the early dawn.

The other novelty was a show exhibiting to a group of men who will take a western trip this summer the scenery they will see on their travels. This suggests to railroads a fine method of advertising their lines. Railway offices might discard the time-honored fish on a plank in favor of movie machines. The Oregon Short Line might demonstrate nature's charms, while the Santa Fe showed steaming dishes of Fred Harvey concoction. The New Haven—but why continue?

The railroads could easily guarantee that if you did not like in real life the scenery shown on the screen beforehand, you could, in any town, visit the movies and spend a night at their expense looking at pictures of scenery somewhere else!

April Cotton Movement Heavy.

Statistic made public Friday of last week by H. G. Hester, secretary of the New Orleans cotton exchange, indicated that cotton movements for the month of April showed marked increases over the same month for the last two years. There was brought into sight during the month 922,710 bales, an increase of 158,829 bales over 1912, which has held the April record for several years. Northern spinners took 317,834 bales during the month, increasing the average weekly taking this season to 64,640 bales. Stocks at the seaboard and at the twenty-nine leading interior centers at the close of the month were 2,125,811 bales, as against 1,108,198 bales last year and 1,020,890 the year before.

Survivor Battle of Gettysburg III.

Charleston, W. Va., May 1.—Gen. Charles S. Peyton, 73, the only surviving Confederate field officer of the battle of Gettysburg, is in a serious condition at his home in Roncesbetre, W. Va., as a result of a stroke of paralysis. He is commander of the West Virginian division U. C. V.

If all the brides are as beautiful as the reporters would have us believe, where do all the homely married women come from?

Our idea of an optimist is a man who hopes for the best, prepares for the worst, and swallows the dose fate lades out to him with a cheerful grin.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE CROW.

Despite the Damage He Does He Is a Good Scavenger.

In spite of the crow's instinct to feed on the eggs and young of other species (which he shares in common with several other birds), who would really wish to see him quite exterminated, even if it were possible to exterminate so resourceful a fellow?

His destruction to crops is certainly far less than that of the bobolink in the southern rice fields. He is an efficient scavenger, and his destruction of white grubs, cutworms, wireworms and grasshoppers is of great value. Above all, however, his place in our landscape is such that his passing would leave a dreary void.

Winter or summer we are conscious of him against the sky, against the fields or sentinel on a patriarch pine. In the misty mornings of summer when the sun has not yet rolled up the curtains of cloud from the mountains we hear his voice far off in the woods, rousing us from slumber, and when autumn has come and our sugar groves are a glory of crimson he is still there, his distant call floating down sweetly from the upland woods and testifying in some strange way the height of the peaks beyond.—Harper's Magazine.

LAY OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Why It Stops When the Little Birds Come Out of the Shell.

It is generally assumed that a bird sings because he is happy, but science goes deeper for an explanation of the why and wherefore of the bird's song. Nature's optimistic joy in constructive progress is expressed in the singing of the male birds who charm their mates to further their wooing and continue after eggs are laid to encourage the fulfillment of hatching.

The song stops when the little birds come out of the shell. The nightingale for weeks during the period of nest building and hatching charms his mate and human ears near him with the beautiful music of his love song. But as soon as the little nightingales come from the eggs the song changes to a sort of guttural croak, implying anxiety and sense of responsibility.

If the nest and contents were destroyed the nightingale would at once resume his beautiful song to inspire his mate to help him build another nest and start all over again the loving work of being fruitful and multiplying.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Economizing Labor.

Two laborers were engaged to deepen a well which had become dry. One of them sent his mate down into the well while he sat at the top and directed the work. He first ordered the other man to "dig a bit on this side," then "dig a little more on that side," until the latter, tired of both the work and the orders, exclaimed, "You sit up there and use your tongue, while I have to do all the work!" "One man here giving directions," said the man at the top, "can do as much as ten men down there." Thereupon his mate threw down his pick and climbed up beside the other man. "What are you doing here?" inquired the latter. "Two men up here," answered his mate, "can do as much as twenty men down there!"—London Strand.

Skiing on the Water.

The ski is recommended as both a life saving device and a pleasure craft, combining safety with novelty. It cannot sink, makes better speed than a swimmer and does not tire the rider as swimming does. It is more practicable for long distances and can go through water where there is a heavy undertow, as it sits so high in the water that it is not caught in the grip of the undercurrent as the legs of the swimmer are. It doesn't take a long time to master, as the surf board does; requires no skill in balancing and sticking on and has the great advantage of being equipped with a motive power, whereas the ordinary surf board must be pushed and peddled out to sea before it can be ridden in.—Outing.

Where Art Ceases.

All art is a matter of nature or life acted upon by man; a part taken out of its accidental surroundings and given artistic form. At either side of the field of true art is a waste place where art ceases to have beauty. And the waste on the one side is reached when the artist becomes so enamored of life that he forgets to interpret, to give artistic form, and only brings forth a photographic image, while the waste on the other side is reached when the artist perfects his form but forgets to put life into it.—Sheldon Cheney.

The Outdoor Life.

"The doctor says I don't take enough interest in outdoor pastimes."

"Are you going to profit by his suggestion?"

"Yes. I'm going to sit down and read every word on the sporting page."—Washington Star.

Cause of the Pessimism.

Orator—On the surface things are often right, but it is when we explore the depths of things that we see the deceptions of our fellow creatures. One of the Crow—Guvinnor, you've been buying a barrel of apples, haven't you?—London Tit-Bits.

The Real Need.

Book Agent—This book will teach you how to economize. The Victim—That's no good to me. What I need is a book to teach me how to live without economizing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The song that nerves a nation's heart is in itself a deed.—Tennyson.

AN EVEN TRADE.

It Wasn't Made Simply Because the Law Wouldn't Allow It.

A traveling salesman for a Gansevoort street wholesale grocery firm, recently back from a trip through rough lands of a neighboring state, tells this possibly true tale:

"One day on my last trip I had a six mile ride to make to the county seat, and the small village in which I was had only one horse that I could hire and no other form of conveyance. I may say that a friend had landed me in the town that morning from his car, and I had sold goods enough to pay the expenses of the trip.

"Well, I got away on the sorriest specimen of a horse I ever straddled, and I was to send him back by the mail carrier, though not as a parcel post package. It took me two hours to cover the distance—I was sorry enough I hadn't walked—and as I passed the county jail on my old bag of bones a face grinned at me from between the bars of a small square window. I was too sore to smile, but I nodded to the grin, and the prisoner called to me:

"Say, mister," he said, "how'd you like to trade that critter for thirty days in jail?"

"Just then I would have been glad enough to have traded, but the law wouldn't let me, and I rode on."—New York Sun.

THE THIRD NAPOLEON.

Spicy Pen Picture John Hay Drew of the French Emperor.

One of the best things John Hay ever wrote, says William Roscoe Thayer in his presentation in Harper's of Hay's unpublished diaries, is this pen portrait of Napoleon III.:

"Short and stocky, he moves with a queer, sidelong gait, like a gouty crab, a man so wooden looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle; a complexion like crude tallow—marked for death whenever death wants him—to be taken some time in half an hour or left, neglected by the skeleton king for years perhaps, if properly coddled.

"The mustache and imperial which the world knows, but ragged and bristly, concealing the mouth entirely, are moving a little nervously as the lips twitch; eyes sleepily watchful—furtive, stealthy, rather ignoble, like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying 'Nobody at home,' and lying as they say it.

"And withal a wonderful phlegm! He stands there as still and impassive as if carved in oak for a ship's figurehead. He looks not unlike one of those rude, inartistic statues. His legs are too short, his body too long. He never looks well but on a throne or on a horse, as kings ought!"

Conserving the Joy of Life.

The most hopeful feature of the development of a new attitude toward youth is the willingness to conserve the spirit of the joy of life—the great gift which youth has to offer to life. To youth has been given this great joy of life, and it is the right of the individual to carry its spirit on into age, making it fuller and deeper as the years roll on. The new movement is asserting the right of youth to its joy, recognizing that this is the creative force which will raise life from a dull level. It means less of the disenchantments of age, a keeping alive of the glow of life, cultivating an ever deepening optimism, so admirably expressed by those simple lines of Browning:

Grow old along with me,
For the best is yet to be.

—George F. Kearney in Forum.

Making a Changeless Ink.

In shops where it is damp or chemical fumes are present it is usually difficult to cause labels to stick to bottles or cans. An ink for use on such containers is made as follows: Shellac, 20 grams; dissolve it in a hot solution of borax containing 30 grams of borax to 400 cubic centimeters of water; filter while hot and add a solution made of aniline black, 8 grams; tannin, 0.3 gram; picric acid, 0.1 gram, and ammonia, 15 grams, in water, 10 grams.

It will be found that this ink works nicely and resists the usual chemical and corrosive fumes.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Golf Ball's Strange Flight.

That a golf ball does not travel in a parabolic curve was asserted by Professor C. Vernon Boys during the trial of a patent suit in the British chancery court. Professor Boys, who had been called as an expert on ballistics, described experiments he had made with mechanically propelled golf balls and said that these when driven hard more than counteracted the attraction of gravity. "A good flight," he said, "is very nearly straight for a long time, then gradually rising and then falling."

Aztec Emeralds.

Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico were found many fine emeralds. They were exquisitely cut, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.—Exchange.

Imagination.

"A poet needs a great deal of imagination."

"Yes; if he really waded around in the wet grass looking at sunrises and listening for robins he wouldn't last long enough to write much poetry."—Washington Star.

Limitations.

Jack—I hear that you have quit the literary game. Jill—Yes; I despaired of ever writing up to my publishers' printed estimates of my work.—Life.

TAX COLLECTOR 74 YEARS OLD

Expected to Resign on Account of Feebleness—Gained Strength and Twenty-four Pounds by Taking Vinol.

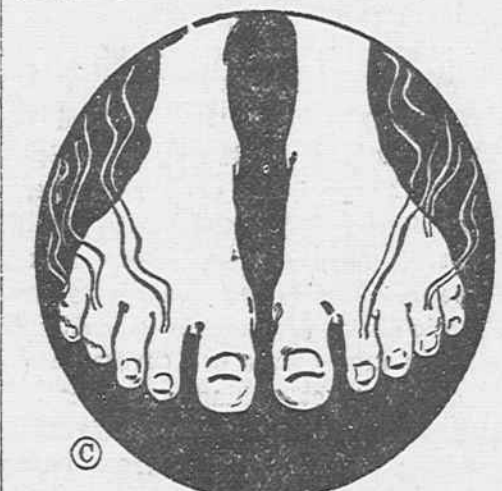
Corinth, Miss.—"I am a city tax collector and seventy-four years of age. I was in a weak, run-down condition so that I became exhausted by every little exertion. My druggist told me about Vinol, and I decided to take it. In a week I noticed considerable improvement; I continued its use and now I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and feel much stronger. I consider Vinol a fine tonic to create strength for old people."—J. A. PRICE, Corinth, Miss.

As one grows old their organs act more slowly and less effectively than in youth, circulation is poor, the blood gets thin, the appetite poor and digestion weak. Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks because it creates a good healthy appetite, strengthens digestion, enriches the blood, improves circulation and in this natural manner builds up, strengthens and invigorates feeble, run-down, nervous and aged people, and if it does not do all we say, we will pay back your money.

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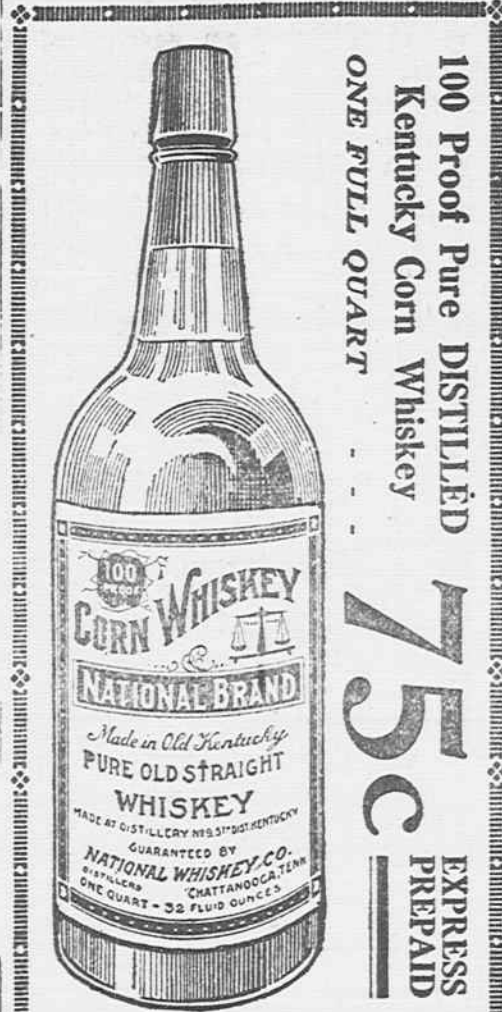
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comes right off, painlessly, without fussing or trouble. If you have ever made a fat bundle out of your toe with bandages; used thick, corn-pressing cotton-rings; corn-pulling salves; corn-teasing plasters—well, you'll appreciate the difference when you use "GETS-IT." Your corn-agony will vanish. Cutting and gouging with knives, razors, files and scissors, and the danger of blood-poison are done away with. Try "GETS-IT" tonight for any corn, callus, wart or bunion. Never fails.

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NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Pursuant to the authority of an act of the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina relating to Newberry School District, passed at the last session thereof, and resolutions of the Trustees of Newberry School District, passed in pursuance of said act, an election will be held at the Council Chamber in the town of Newberry on the 13th day of May, 1915, between the hours of 8 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of voting upon the question of continuing the one mill levy, heretofore levied for the purpose of repairs and improvements to buildings, as an addition to the general fund of the district. Those voting for the continuance of said levy shall cast a ballot whereon shall be written "For continuing the one mill levy." Those opposed, a ballot whereon is written "Against continuing the one mill levy."

The qualified electors of said district are alone to vote at said election.

Said election will be conducted by J. M. Bowers, A. C. Welch, H. L. Speers, who have been appointed managers to conduct the same.

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All lines require a thorough overhauling occasionally if the best service is to be obtained. We recommend that every line connected with us be overhauled at least once a year, and that at least one experienced telephone man assist in this work. The cost of this work when divided among all the patrons of the line, makes the amount paid by each man small, and this cost will be more than offset by the improved service.

If the owners of rural telephone lines in this section are experiencing trouble with their service, we will appreciate their talking the matter over with our Manager or writing us fully. We will gladly do what we can toward helping you improve the condition of your line.

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